

In swich a gyse as I shal to yow seyn
Bitwixe yow and me, and that ful soone.
Ride whan yow list, ther is namooore to doone.

INFORMED whan the kyng was of
that knyght,
And hath conceived in his wit aright
The manere and the forme of al this thyng,
ful glad and blithe, this noble doughty kyng
Repeireth to his revel as biforn.

HE brydel is unto the tour yborn
And kept among his jueles lewe and
deere,
The hors vanysshed, I noot in what manere,
Out of hir sighte; ye gete namooore of me;
But thus I lete in lust and jolitee
This Cambynskan his lordes festeyng,
Til that wel ny the day bigan to spryng.
Explicit prima pars. Sequitur pars secunda.



NORICE OF DIGESTIOUN, the sleepe,
Gan on hem wynde, & bad hem taken keepe,
That muchel drynke & labour wolde han reeste;
And with a galpyng mouth hem alle he keste,
And seyde, it was tyme to lye adoun,
for blood was in his domynacioun.

Cherisseth blood, natures freend, quod
he.
They thanken hym galpyng, by two, by thre,
And every wight gan drawe hym to his reeste
As sleep hem bad; they tooke it for the beste.

HIRE dremes shal nat been ytoold for
me;
ful were hire heddes of fumositee,
That causeth dreem, of which ther nys no
charge.
They slepen til that it was pryme large,
The mooste part, but it were Canacee.

HE was ful mesurable, as women
be;
for of hir fader hadde she take leve
To goon to reeste, soone after it was
eve.

Hir liste nat appalled for to be,
Ne on the morwe unfeestlich for to se;
And slepte hire firste sleep, and thanne awook.
For swich a joye she in hir herte took
Bothe of hir queynte ryng and hire mirour,
That twenty tyme she changed hir colour;
And in hire sleepe, right for impressioun
Of hire mirour, she hadde a visioun.
Wherfore, er that the sonne gan up glyde,
She cleped on hir maistresse hire bisyde,
And seyde, that hire liste for to ryse.

HIS olde woman that been gladly wyse,
As is hire maistresse, answerde hire anon,
And seyde, Madame, whider wil ye goon
Thus erly? for the folk been alle on reeste.
I wol, quod she, arise, for me leste
No lenger for to slepe, and walke aboute.
Hir maistresse clepeth women a greet route,
And up they ryssen, wel a ten or twelve;
Up riseth fresshe Canacee hirselve,
As rody and bright as dooth the yonge sonne,
That in the Ram is foure degrees up ronne;
Noon hyer was he, whan she redy was;
And forth she walketh esily a pas,
Arrayed after the lusty sesoun soote
Lightly, for to pleye and walke on foote,
Nat but with fyve or sixe of hir meynee,
And in a trench, forth in the park, gooth she.
The vapour, which that fro the erthe glood,
Made the sonne to seme rody and brood;
But nathelees, it was so fair a sighte
That it made alle hire hertes for to lighte,
What for the sesoun, and the morwinyng,
And for the fowles that she herde synge;
For right anon she wiste what they mente
Right by hir song, and knew al hire entente.

HE knotte, why that every tale is toold,
If it be taryed til that lust be coold
Of hem that han it after herked yooore,
The savour passeth ever lenger the moore,
for fulsomnesse of his prolixitee;
And by the same resoun thynketh me,
I sholde to the knotte condescende,
And maken of hir walkyng soone an ende.

MYDDE a tree fordrye, as whit as
chalk,
As Canacee was pleying in hir
walk,
Cher sat a faucon over hire heed
ful hye,

That with a pitous voys so gan to crye
That all the wode resounded of hire cry.
Yeten bath she hirself so pitously
With bothe hir wynges til the rede blood
Ran endelong the tree theras she stood.
And evere in oon she cryde alwey and shrighthe,
And with hir beek hirselven so she prighthe,
That ther nys tygre, ne noon so cruell beste,

That dwelleth outhur in wode or in foreste
That nolde han wept, if that he wepe koude,
for sorwe of hire, she shrighthe alwey so loude,
for ther nas nevere yet no man on lyve,
If that I koude a faucon wel discryve,
That herde of swich another of fairnesse,
As wel of plumage as of gentillesse
Of shap, and al that myghte yrekened be.
A faucon peregryn thanne semed she
Of fremde land; and everemoore, as she stood,
She swowneth now and now for lakke of blood,
Til wel neigh is she fallen fro the tree.

THIS faire kynges doghter, Canacee,
That on hir fynger baar the queynte ryng,
Thurgh which she understood wel every
thyng

That any fowel may in his ledene seyn,
And koude answer hym in his ledene ageyn,
Hath understonde what this faucon seyde,
And wel neigh for the routhe almost she deyde.
And to the tree she gooth ful hastily,
And on this faucon looketh pitously,
And heeld hir lappe abrood, for wel she wiste
That faucon mooste fallen fro the twist,
Whan that it swowned next, for lakke of blood.
A longe while to wayten hire she stood,
Til atte laste she spak in this manere
Unto the hawk, as ye shal after heere:

WHAT is the cause, if it be for to telle,
That ye be in this furial pyne of helle?
Quod Canacee unto the hawk above.

Is this for sorwe of deeth, or los of love?
for, as I trowe, thise been causes two
That causen moost a gentil herte wo.
Of oother harm it nedeth nat to speke,
for ye youreself upon yourself yow wreke,
Which proveth wel that outhur love or drede
Moot been enchesoun of youre cruel dede,
Syn that I see noon oother wight yow chace.
for love of God, as dooth yourselven grace
Or what may been youre help; for West nor East
Ne saugh I nevere, er now, no bryd ne beest
That ferde with hymself so pitously.
Ye slee me with youre sorwe, verraily;
I have of yow so greet compassioun,
for Goddes love, com fro the tree adoun;
And, as I am a kynges doghter trewe,
If that I verraily the cause knewe
Of youre disese, if it lay in my myght
I wolde amende it, er that it were nyght,
As wisly helpe me grete God of kynde!
And herbes shal I right ynowe yfynde
To heele with youre hurtes hastily.

The shrighthe this faucon yet moore pitously
Than ever she dide, and fil to grounde anon,
And lith aswowne, deed, and lyk a stoon,
Til Canacee hath in hire lappe hire take
Unto the tyme she gan of swough awake;
And, after that she of hir swough gan breyde,
Right in hir haukes ledene thus she seyde:
That pitee renneth soone in gentil herte,
feelynge his similitude in peynes smerte,
Is preved al day, as men may it see

The
Squieres
Tale